

ting him. That was the way I felt last night. I just knew that particular machine was flying continuously back and forth over my hut looking for a good place to drop a bomb. Nothing happened and I got a pretty good night's sleep. I can sleep through the artillery fire even if the guns are somewhat close by.

Today has been the day of evacuation of the Battalion and the taking over and occupation of the other's territory. Nearly everything went smoothly in this change, and the transfer of work was accomplished without any serious interruption of the work. Before night all the changes had been made and reports sent in of safe arrival of all troops at their new camps.

In the p. m. Captain Boesch and I made a reconnaissance of the location one of our battalions is to occupy in case of attack. It is on the southwest edge of one of the National Forests known as "Teak Wood." We were working out routes for getting the Battalion to its destination and how to distribute them so as to get protection from artillery fire. The forest has several railroads through in cutting it into rectangles. We selected a site for Battalion Headquarters near the Southwest edge of the wood and plan to have the men scattered partly in the wood and partly in the grain field adjoining, where they can get into and live in ditches in case of heavy shell fire. The Battalion Commander will have a small dugout constructed that will be shrapnel proof. He will have a runner who will keep him in touch with Division Headquarters, Engineer Regiment Headquarters, and Brigade Headquarters. If it was fall or winter we would have to change these plans somewhat because the ditches would be filled with water. We came back through the wood and through several farms, all these latter being intensely cultivated. The grain is all rapidly ripening and it makes the field look luxuriant. All the reaping in this section is done by hand. I have not seen a single mowing machine, reaper or planter here.

Tonight is clearer and brighter than last night. A full moon and not a cloud in sight. I shall sleep on the floor close up to my sand bag protection.

The Adjutant and the band have gone to a dinner at the Commander Royal Engineers of the 49th British Division.

*July 25, Thursday.* Last night the aeroplanes were again buzzing around disturbing our sleep. They dropped several bombs but none